

Strike The Drum

by Mathurin Kerbusso

Chorus

*Strike the drum for Crecy,
And once for Agincourt!
Strike the Drum for Halidon,
And Poitier, and more!
Strike the drum for every man
who's ever bent a bow!
Strike the drum for every man
an archer's stricken low!*

Now the yew it is the strong right arm
Of ev'ry English king.
And flax it is the harpstring
That makes the bow to sing.
Grey goose is the feather that
Doth make the foe to fly.
Ash and Iron the talon that
Doth make the foe to die.

Ch.

Now at Halidon the wild Scots
Came charging up the hill.
We killed them as they came
Till King Edward had his fill.
At Poitier we taught the French
To darken out the sky.
We taught them, but the only thing
They learned was how to die.

Ch.

Now at Crecy then we faced the boys
From Old Genoa Town.
We beat them fair and square but
The Frenchmen rode them down
At Agincourt we fought in mud

Up to the horses' knees and
The Frenchmen paid the butcher's bill
For the Genoese.

Ch.

Now a yeoman's life is hard as hell
On this we can agree.
The world cares not a jot for
The likes of you and me.
The high born and the powerful
They keep us down and low.
But they tremble in their stirrups when
An archer bends his bow.

Ch.

Final Chorus

*Strike the drum for Crecy,
And once for Agincourt!
Strike the Drum for Kadesh,
And Taginae, and more!
Strike for every mother's son
who's ever bent a bow!
Strike for every mother's son
an archer's stricken low!*